The Highland Weekly News.

J. L. BOARDMAN, Editor and Proprietor.

A Family Journal---Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

One Dollar a Year; strictly in Advance.

VOL. XXI. HILLSBOROUGH, HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1857. NUMBER 8.

Poetry.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

[The following lines of Longfellow stir the blood and almost bring before us the picture of the fight:]

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging
And like hailstones fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
Where the files
Of the Isles
From the smoky night encampment,
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the "roll" of the drummer
Through the morn.

Then with eyes in the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And the flames flashed redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the swift
Billows drift
Drove the dark battle breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder
Cracked the black gunpowder
All amain!

Then like smiths at their forges
Labored the red St. George's
Cannoniers,
And the villainous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre,
Round their ears;
Like the roar
On the shore
Rose the horse guard's clashing clangor
As they rode in roaring anger
On our flanks;
And higher, higher, higher
Burned the old fashioned fire
Through the ranks.

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white, infernal
Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud;
And the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle's breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

The Home Circle.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

A fig for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge and fair
As a rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press,
And her eye is as soft and as bright,—
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear,
Would set a whole iceberg on fire!
She can dance—but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife—
My girl with the calico dress.
Jackson, Miss.

Æsthetics of Dress—Choice of Colors.

It was an observation of Lavater, that persons habitually attentive to dress display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. "Young women," says he, "who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about their apparel, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order, a mind but little adapted to the details of housekeeping, a deficiency of taste and of the qualifications that inspire love. The girl of eighteen who desires not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five."

It is a great mistake in women to suppose that they may safely throw off all care about dress with their celibacy, as if husbands had less taste than suitors; or as if wives had less need than mistresses of the advantage of elegant and tasteful apparel. An old writer says, with a hearty emphasis, "It is one of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband." To effect this, however, expensive attire is by no means essential. The simplest robe may evince the wearer's taste as truly as the most costly gown of *more antique*. But how rare a quality is good taste! In the mere matter of propriety and harmony of color, there is room for a treatise which has yet to be written by some one thoroughly proficient in the æsthetics of dress. Even simpler laws, though pretty generally understood, are constantly neglected.

Some of these canons, as laid down in an English poem of the last century, are worth quoting, as well for the good sense of the dogmas as for the quaintness of the verses. To brunettes he recommends high colors, 'rose,' 'orange,' or even 'scarlet,' thus:

"The lass whose skin is like the hazel, brown,
With brighter colors should o'ercome her own."

To rosy-cheeked girls he permits "blue" and the "color of the sea."

"Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A rosy blush, be clad in cheerful green."

Cautioning pale women against vernal hues, he continues:

"Ladies grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clad in the dusky mantle of the night."
—*Boston Post.*

I WISH HE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND.

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I don't care much longer to wait,
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly
That I thought of changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try;
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a glance of surprise;
And if I but hint about marriage,
He blushes quite up to the eyes!
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I am certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked out by moonlight together,
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You really must ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find;
For, indeed, I won't tarry much longer,
For one who can't make up his mind.

How to Educate our Girls.—Instead of educating every girl as though she were born to be an independent, self-supporting member of society, we educate her to become a mere dependent, a hanger-on, or, as the law delicately phrases it, a chattel. In some respects, indeed, we err more barbarously than those nations among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who regard women purely as so much live stock; for among such people, women are, at all events, provided with shelter, with food, and clothing—they are 'cared' for, as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system. But among ourselves, we treat women as cattle, without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism, and the worst part of civilization, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend on. There is no one, there is nothing for them to lean upon, and they fall to the ground. Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labor into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she may have to exercise it; if to the poorer, she assuredly will.

Questions well Answered.

A sophist wished to puzzle Thales the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in quick succession the following questions. The philosopher replied to them all without hesitation, and with how much propriety and decision our readers can judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of all things?
God; because he has always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world; because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space; because it contains all that is created.
What is the quickest?
Thought; because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity; because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know thyself.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope; because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

DOMETIC ECONOMY.

How Good Butter is Made.—The production of butter is nearly the same everywhere, and yet how different is the quality of that made in others. It is the attention which is paid to the minute parts of the process—by some denominated trifles—which gives the great superiority to one parcel of butter over another. Cleanliness, attention, and labor are the requisite qualifications for producing good butter everywhere, with proper dairy utensils and accommodations. In very large dairies in the summer season, butter is made every day; and it may be set down as a general rule that the quicker cream is converted into butter, the sweeter and better is the butter. It should not be allowed to remain longer than three days under any circumstances. The churn having been prepared by rinsing with hot water in winter, and with cold water in summer, the cream is agitated until a complete separation of the fatty matter from the milky fluid has been effected. The butter having "come," it is taken out and well washed. It is then worked with the hand until the buttermilk is thoroughly expressed, and the air-bubbles are broken. A portion of salt is mixed with about each half dozen pounds; the manipulation is resumed; the lump undergoes a second washing, which carries off the surplus salt; and it is finally made up into rolls.

By the mechanical operation of the churn the envelopes of the globules of fat are broken, and the globules brought into cohesion. By a chemical process the sugar of milk is converted into lactic acid, and the bulk of the fluid which was put sweet into the churn, is instantly soured. The best temperature for obtaining the results has been found by experience to be 60 deg. Fah. To attain this temperature the dairymaid rinses her churn in summer with cold water, lest the butter come too quickly, and be flaccid and pale, and in winter with warm water, lest it come not at all.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—*Receipt.*—First dose, 1 oz. of elecampane root, boiled in 1 pint of milk until reduced to a half pint. Second dose (to be taken two days after the first,) 1½ oz. of elecampane root boiled as the first.—Third dose, the same as the second (to be taken two days after;) in three doses.

The above was sent to the New York Tribune by J. W. Woolston, of Philadelphia, as a cure for the above terrible disease, and he states that he has known it to be perfectly successful in effecting a cure in twenty cases.—*Sci. American.*

Cure for Inflammatory Rheumatism.—My remedy is this, which has relieved many to my knowledge. Wet three or four thicknesses of cotton or linen cloth—say as large as the palm of the hand—in the oil of hemlock—apply it to the hollow of the feet as a draft.—Moisten as often as it gets dry. It often gives relief in twenty-four hours. Continue the application so long as there is encouragement. I have been informed that it will affect a cure of any kind of that complaint.

James Hamley, Westfield.
—*Country Gentleman.*

Music in Schools.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Education of New York City, William Cullen Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, made a capital speech on the subject of "Music in Schools," from which we make the following extracts:

"In making music a branch of common education, we give a new attraction to our common schools. Music is not merely a study, it is an entertainment; wherever there is music there are a crowd of listeners. We complain that our common schools are not attended as they ought to be. What is to be done? Shall we compel the attendance of children? Rather let us, if we can, so order things that children shall attend voluntarily—shall be eager to crowd to the schools; and for this purpose nothing can be more effectual, it seems to me, than the art to which the ancients ascribed such power, that, according to the fables of their poets, it drew the very stones of the earth from their beds, and piled them in a wall around the city of Thebes.

"It should be considered, moreover, that music in schools is useful as an incentive to study. After a weary hour of poring over books, with perhaps some discouragement on the part of the learner, if not despair at the hardness of his task, a song puts him in a more cheerful and hopeful mood; the play of the lungs freshens the circulation of the blood; and he sits down again to his task in better spirits, and with an invigorated mind. Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by music. I remember once being in a tobacco-manufactory in Virginia, where the work was performed by slaves, who enlivened their tasks with outbursts of psalmody. 'We encourage their singing,' said one of the proprietors; 'they work the better for it.' Sailors pull more vigorously at the rope for their 'Yo, heave ho!' which is a kind of song. I have heard the vine-dressers in Tuscany, on the hill-sides, responding to each other in songs, with which the whole region resounded, and which turned their hard day's work into a pastime."

Wit and Happiness.

There is no necessary connection between witty or even humorous ideas and a comfortable state of mind.—Swift was unhappy, and Johnson morose, though both were great wits.—Hood was extremely subject to low spirits, and Cowper, it is well-known, wrote "John Gilpin," not because he was in a merry mood, but to "keep up" against his habitual tendency to melancholy. Liston, the greatest of comic actors, suffered extremely from mental depression; and Laman Blanchard, one of Punch's best humorists, blew his own brains out, leaving Douglas Jerrold to finish the famous "Candle Lectures!" which the former had begun. With the single exception of Swift, who was a disappointed politician, these men were all invalids, whose animal spirits were impaired by disease, and who themselves groaned over the "happy fancies," which set the rest of the world laughing.—*Boston Post.*

Sydney Smith on Teetotalism.

Sydney Smith, in spite of his reputation and habits as a diner-out, gives some very excellent advice on the subject of temperance. In one of his letters he says he never knew a gentleman who ate or drank as little as was good for his health. In the following epistle to Lady Holland, he speaks still more decidedly in favor of abstinence from all fermented liquors:

My Dear Lady Holland,—Many thanks for your kind anxiety respecting my health. I not only was never better, but never half so well. Indeed, I find that I have been very ill all my life without knowing it. Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors. First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a plowboy. If I wake, no needless terrors; no black visions of life; but pleasing hopes and recollections; Holland House past and to come! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks and make greater exertions without fatigue. My understanding is improved, and I comprehend political economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must look for some one who will bore and depress me. Pray leave off wine—the stomach quite at rest; no heart-burn, no pain, no distension. Yours, Sydney Smith.

The Home of Taste.—How easy it is to be neat—to be clean. How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety. How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpeting, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life, may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outrying the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

Drinking at Dinner.

Not seldom do we hear the opinion advanced that drinking during a meal is an obnoxious habit; but quite wrongfully, for the gastric juice may be diluted with a considerable quantity of water without losing its dissolving power in the slightest degree. Only a superabundance of water would diminish or arrest the peculiar action of the matters contained in the digestive fluids. Large draughts of water, therefore, will be the most injurious with ailments difficult of digestion like the fat; and hence the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, is properly avoided; but in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is positively to be commended. Beer and wine at dinner are also hurtful only if taken in excess; for in the latter case the alcohol coagulates the albuminous substances, not only of the food but of the digestive fluids, and thus disturbs digestion. If taken in a moderate quantity these beverages are calculated to cause the meal to hold out longer; for the fact that we are not so soon hungry again after a meal with wine than if we had taken only water with it, may be accounted for by the slower combustion of the constituents of our body, inasmuch as the alcohol we imbibe takes possession of the inhaled oxygen. Hence wine with a meal is extremely useful when a long journey or work on hand renders it impossible to take food again at the usual time; as such detention from food itself usually causes an acceleration of the metamorphosis of the tissues, which beer and wine efficiently obviate.—*Ure's Chemistry of Food and Diet.*

To "Head" and Expel Rats.—A writer in the Boston *Cultivator* recommends potash for this purpose. The rats troubled him very much. They appeared in great numbers and were very troublesome, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme measures to effect their expulsion. He pounded up potash and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some under the boards, and on the sides where they came through. The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any farther annoyance.

American Female Health.—In Miss Beecher's recent volume on Health, she says, referring to the almost universal invalidism prevailing among the female sex of this (United States,) country, that she has nine married sisters-in-law, all of whom except two are either delicate or invalids; that she has fourteen married cousins, and not one of them but that is either delicate, often ailing, or an invalid; but that, in her immense circle of friends and acquaintances all over the Union, she is unable to recall so many as ten married ladies, born in this century and country, who are perfectly sound, healthy, and vigorous.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

For the News.

Miscellanous Enigma.

I am composed of 27 letters, and form the name of an association of our town, which in my humble opinion should be encouraged by every citizen.

My 4, 19, 17, 11, 1, is a scarce commodity.
My 8, 5, 23, 21, 25, 27, is a fictitious sailor.
My 16, 25, 18, 3, is a humorous poet.
My 7, 3, 17, is an open field.
My 14, 12, 13, 14, 20, is a great Lecturer.
My 22, 21, 8, 16, is the chief the Cherokee Nation of Indians.
My 24, 10, 6, 1, 12, 26, is a town in this county.
" 20, 25, 5, 6, 16, 1, 21, 23, 3, will disappear very quick if exposed to a small degree of heat.
" 22, 10, 2, 24, 3, 11, 1, 1, 9, 13, 11, 23, 16, is the name of a distinguished Scottish poet.
" 3, 11, 16, 12, was the original language of the Scots.
" 2, 25, 26, 27, 21, 22, 14, 17, 23, is a *delightful* musical instrument.
" 22, 21, 24, 5, 26, 20, 10, 12, 27, was the "English Ballad-singer's joy."

W. E. U. S. & CO.

For the News.

Geometrical Problem.

Two poles (of equal height) were standing upon a level. One falling towards the other, its top struck the other just ten feet from the top, when both fell in a right line together; after which it was found to be just 45 feet from the base of the first to the top of the second. What was the height of either pole?

TCM, Penn Tp.

For the News.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 4, 21, 16, 3, is something I would not like to be in.
My 6, 12, 4, 5, is an animal.
My 15, 7, 15, 14, 21, is a funeral song.
My 2, 19, 15, 22, 5, 5, 9, 1, is a thing much visited by negroes.
My 18, 18, 21, 22, 7, 15, are plentiful in nearly every quarter of the world.
My 8, 21, 11, 10, is something good to eat.
My 13, 20, 16, is hollow, and very useful.
My 17, 24, 21, 23, is a conjunction.
My whole is something that has been talked about a great deal, for the last 2 or 3 months.

Hillsboro, June 12th, 1856. RALPH.

☞ Answer to Charade in last week's paper: —"Bunyan."

Choice Selections.

Random Gems.

Gold tries man.
Govern well your household.
Never ridicule the unfortunate.
We do well to conceal our domestic evils.
We should stop the mouth of slander by prudence.
We should be cautious not to say all that we know.
He who has learned how to obey, will know how to command.
The prudent man avoids evil; the courageous man sustains it.
Visit your friend in adversity, rather than in his prosperity.
Be mild towards those who are thy dependants: be not arrogant.
Speak not ill of thy neighbor, if thou wouldst not hear what would trouble thee.
Take pains to correct the blemishes of the mind, rather than those of the face.
Such as are careless of themselves, will hardly be attentive to another's concerns.
If we consider all that others suffer, our own complaints would be more moderate.
Trust not the officious man, who is always busying himself about the affairs of others.
The sentence you pronounce on another, be willing to abide by yourself, in a similar case.
God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.
The man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.
Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

Death.

What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in Nature and in God, to what new world are we born? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark, that unseen, uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it; left it, to range perhaps, through illimitable space, to receive new capacities of delight; new powers of conception; new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up the mystery—resolves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys errors. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of Nature, may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony; forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses and bathing them in immeasurable bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the department of the wicked!—Human fancy shrinks back appalled!

Endorsing Notes.

There is a moral in the following well-considered remarks, from the Philadelphia Ledger, which should be often pondered. Wives, read them to your husbands:

"It was well said, by a very shrewd observer, that there are some things which every man has to learn for himself. It would seem as if the folly of endorsing what is called accommodation paper was one of them. Tens of thousands have been ruined in this way; yet tens of thousands continue to practice it. Many who endorse paper with immunity for years, discover at last, that they also, in spite of their assertions that they would 'never be losers by it, are brought to bankruptcy by it. Sir Walter Scott, who had gone on from year to year, adding acre to acre, farm to farm, woke one morning to find that he was ruined through his endorsements on Constable's paper; and the rest of his life—a life shortened by excessive labor—had to be devoted, not to carrying out the favorite dream of his ambition, but to liquidating the debts thus contracted. Even Barnum, whose name has become synonymous with shrewdness, fell before this delusive habit.—A calm observer is almost led to believe that there is an infatuation accompanying the practice of endorsing note,s which lulls sagacity to sleep, else how can we account for the fact that so many able men have, so to speak, gambled away their fortunes on this mercantile *rouge et noir*. No man ought ever to endorse an accomodation note. The financiering which raises money in this way is radically wrong. Generally regarded as the cheapest, it is the dearest method; for the friend who endorses for you is sure, some time, to want an endorsement in turn; and he who once begins to endorse for another, has put his fortune at the risk of a hundred casualties, beyond his own control. It is a game of hazard, which, when once commenced, hardly ever can be stopped.—Money can be got so readily by endorsing, that the temptation is great to enter on speculations that would never otherwise be thought of, and hence it requires the coolest of heads and the most prudent of operators to resist becoming too extended when a habit of exchanging endorsements has been fallen into. Nine men out of ten, sooner or later, get beyond their depth. 'Hard times' come on, and then insolvency follows, as a matter of course. It is always wiser to raise money on *bona fide* securities; and if these cannot be had, then to curtail one's business as fast as possible. Where two men are in the habit of exchanging endorsements, they are really in partnership together; but a partnership only of risks—not of profits; and, worse yet, a partnership in which neither can control the other. So far, we have been speaking of cases in which there was a mutual consideration between the parties—an exchange of endorsements; but what shall we say of the man who endorses from motives of private friendship, and not as a business affair at all? Hundreds of such men there are who endorse notes for social intimates, to whom they would scarcely sell a bill of goods on credit, simply because they have not the moral courage to say 'no.' It would be wiser in such instances, to give the applicant at once whatever you can afford to throw away—for then you know where you are; because if you endorse for him, he may involve you for a larger amount than you can pay; and be sure of one thing—when you pay, as most likely you will, it will be at a time when the payment is especially inconvenient. No private friendship, however close, justifies one man in asking another to endorse for him. He who takes offence when refused an endorsement, is unworthy to be your friend; for he is ignorant wherein true friendship consists—that relation giving a man no right to ruin another. Take advice in time, and don't give or exchange endorsements, if you would escape sleepless nights or avert probable insolvency."

A Good Story.

THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlor gaily and prettily furnished—snowy curtains, bright carpet; nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire, reading newspapers; young wife at the other, sewing on shirt buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of the bright tea-kettles singing merrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my carpet pretty after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember, I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry."

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlor but the click of Lucy's needle, as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up and said:

"My dear, I forgot to tell you I met Robinson, coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so, if you have any preparations to make, now is the time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall just have time to make you a nice, hot cake," and laying her work down good-humoredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she had gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat impatiently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself, "and I am half afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson."

And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock comes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odor of hot cakes.

"There it is, Harry—does it look nice?"

"Beautiful! (like yourself,) and if it only tastes half so nice as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping in to tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"But your friend has not come yet.—What sort of a person is he? I hope he is not fashionable!"

Harry burst out laughing.

"Oh, don't be afraid," said he, "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank, and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of the party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things, and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes, and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist, and kept the waiters skipping about the house, answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was haunted. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river?' and said it hadn't been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the lady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields, and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy, "and did he win it?"

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both the balance and the bet; for the moment he set his foot in the umbrella, down it went, and he with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half-drowned before we could drag him out."

"Was he frightened!" asked Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dropping from his crooked nose, that set all of us to laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man," said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her sweet tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy and hot water to keep him from catching cold, and on the way home he insisted on driving, and charmed I suppose by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Franconi in 'The Wild Courser of the Desert.' Jones got frightened and tried to pull him back. He resisted, and both looked so ridiculous I could do nothing but laugh. This was rather an unlucky prank, however," continued Harry, "for the horse, not accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and ten-pence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy, "did you lose that too?"

"Yes, indeed; seventeen and six-pence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Yes, besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy, laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and ten-pence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and ten-pence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and ten-pence."

"Well!"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and four-pence over."

"He-em!" said Harry.

Miscellaneous.

The Magnetic Telegraph Foreshadowed.

In "Bailey's Dictionary," edition of 1730—127 years ago—under the word "Loadstone," we find the following foreshadowing of the Electric Telegraph:

"Some authorities write, that by the help of the Magnet or Loadstone, persons may communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance, as suppose one to be at London, and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular Alphabet, like the dial plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one Magnet, then at the same time that the needle at London was moved, that at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words, and the observation was made at a set hour either of the day or of the night; and when one party would inform the other of any matter, he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words, that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other needle will move in the same manner.—This may be done reciprocally."

When we reflect that, at the time this book was printed, Magnetism was derived solely from the Loadstone; that Electricity was only known "as a power or property, whereby, amber, and a few other substances, attracted straws and similar light bodies;" that it was not till 22 years afterwards, that "Franklin raised electricity to the dignity of a science," by proving its identity with the terrible thunderbolt; that Galvanism was not known until 1790; that the next great step, the discovery of Electro Magnetism, was not made until 1820; and that the final triumph, the invention of the Electro Telegraph, was not achieved until 1837;—when we consider all the above facts, this extract from old Bailey seems indeed prophetic and inspired. It is, if possible, yet more wonderful, that the process so minutely described by Bailey is almost identical with that pursued in the manipulation of Wheatstone's Telegraph generally used in England.

The Union of the States in the Bonds of Iron.

General Cass, in his remarks at the Barnet House, made some allusion to the power of Railroads in strengthening and preserving the American Union.—The remark has force, for there is not so great a civiliser as Commerce; and Commerce has never had so powerful an agent as the Railroad. We rejoice, doubly, then, on every such event as that we have just celebrated—that it commemorates not only a great commercial benefit, but a great social blessing—in the new means of civilizing and harmonizing the various parts of our great country. Its influence in this way cannot be doubted. It throws people together, in numbers and harmony, who would otherwise never meet, and who, at a distance, regard each other with jealousy, if not aversion. We met, on Wednesday, gentlemen from Canada and from South Carolina, as well as great numbers from both East and West.—These persons will return with more correct and probably more friendly feelings towards the people of Cincinnati, and Ohio, than they previously had.—They will know what are the resources of the State, and the growth and trade of this city; and they will feel that no political or social prejudices have impaired our patriotism or diminished our hospitality. It is thus that every event which brings together the people of different sections of the country, brightens the chain of friendship and strengthens the bonds of Union. Vast is Territory—extending from ocean to ocean of a great continent—our country needs more than any other, except Russia, that new element of civilization which Providence has given us—the Railroad.—*Cin. Gaz.*